

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,  
The rather if you could deuise it so  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right,  
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel much,  
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie  
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts  
Did not together plucke such enuie from him,  
As did that one, and that in my regard  
Of the vnworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that my Lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth  
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes  
The light and carelesse liuerie that it weares  
Then seled age, his fables, and his weeds  
Importing health and grauenesse; two moneths since  
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,  
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,  
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant  
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As had he bin incorp't, and demy-natur'd  
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,  
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman wast?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Vpon my life *Lamord*.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.  
And Gemme of all the Nation.

*King.* He made confession of you,  
And gaue you such a masterly report  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your Rapier most especiall,  
That he cri'd out t'would be a fight indeed

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## Prince of Denmarke.

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation  
Hefwore had neither motion, guard, nor cie,  
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his  
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuie.  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not loue your father,  
But that I know, loue is begun by time,  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,  
There liues within the very flame of loue  
A kind of wecke or snuffe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still,  
For goodnesse growing to a plurisie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We should doe when we would: for this *would* changes,  
And ha' abatements and delayes as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,  
And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrifts sigh,  
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke of th'vicer,  
*Hamlet* comes back what would you vndertake  
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeed should murther sanctuarize,  
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you do this, keepe close within your chamber  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home,  
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the same  
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together  
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

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